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A NARRATIVE OF MY WANDERINGS IN BRAZIL SOUTH AMERICA

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CAPTAIN WHEELER'S

NARRATIVE OF HIS WANDERINGS

IN

BRAZIL

...SOUTH AMERICA...

PHILADELPHIA
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by
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In the year of 1840, the city of Wilmington, Delaware was a whaling port, having a fleet of five ships engaged in that business. Being in Wilmington at that time engaged in the bookbinding business, boarding at a hotel where the company boarded the men who had signed the shipping papers which bound them to go on a voyage on one of the two vessels then in port, the ships "Thomas Jefferson" and the "Lucy Ann."

On becoming acquainted with the men I found them to be hail fellows well met, and, having a penchant for the sea and her beautiful islands since the day I mastered my first book, Robinson Crusoe, I said to myself here is my chance to realize the dream of my boyhood life, perhaps the best opportunity that will ever occur to me. I reasoned the matter over and over. I found I had no ties at home to keep me there except my mother, and she was willing that I should make the voyage and see the sights of the world. She being quite well to do, spent a considerable sum of money in fitting me out with articles to trade with among the natives of the South Sea Islands. We set sail on the first day of December 1841.

In about four days after leaving port we were overtaken by the most terrible storm I ever experienced in any of my voyages. I was not sea sick, never was, the seas seemed to me to be fifty feet high, and very steep, which they are, when the wind is blowing directly against the force of the Gulf Stream; at such times there is no rougher place to be found on the ocean.

The boats were hoisted above the usual place and made fast for fear they might be dashed to pieces by the force of the angry waves. The ship tossed up and down and rolled from side to side in such a manner that no one could stand upon the deck. A rope had been rigged along the rail from stem to stern. In working our way fore and aft we would grasp this rope and go hand over hand from one end of the ship to the other. When the weather side was well up we would have no support for our feet and for a half a minute we would dangle by our arms, drenched and almost smothered by the heavy salt spray which dashed over the bulwarks. The situation engendered thought, and I thought to myself if the sea is always thus I would feel much happier behind the plow, on

the old farm. Only two men were allowed to be on the deck at a time and only two hours at a time, turn and turn about, the rest staying below for fear the decks might be swept by a heavy sea and all above lost. Sometimes in a heavy storm, ships have had every thing above deck swept away, men, mast, rigging, boats, in fact the decks were left clean of everything, while those below were saved.

Three days we were swept by this hurricane when the horizon began to lighten up, the wind died away, the heavy waves began to subside, and old ocean to assume her normal sway, soon the sails were spread, and the ship began to make headway towards the Azore Islands.

I will make the statement here that sailing vessels intending to go 'round the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn make the East as far as the parallel longitude of these islands, then in variable winds work their way down to the Cape de Verdes where they mostly make the trade winds, which carry them on a slant Westward within two or four degrees of the Equator where they meet with a calm for four or five days, even to twelve or fourteen at times, when they catch the Southern trade winds which carry them towards the Brazilian Coast down to Rio de Janeiro or South of there, then in the variable wind work down to and around Cape Horn. It would be hard work for a sailing vessel to make Rio de Janeiro by sailing South any where near the coast line as Cape St. Roque extends so far Eastward, it being the extreme East of South America and far North of Rio de Janeiro. In this voyage we made Ille Grande, or Grand Island.

It was so doomed that I should be cast upon this Island, the Ille Grande, and grand it is beyond compare; a paradise of beauty and sublimity combined with loveliness, no poor words of mine can do it justice, you must see it to know it.

My Robinson Crusoe love came back to me in full force. I thought I had found the place I was looking for. After venturing around my hopes were dashed, I found people, towns and villages, farms and orange groves, coffee plantations, bananas and pine-apples, potatoes, yams and rice fields; and I also found that which did not please me most, that there were too many people there for me to dispute with, and I was not monarch of all I suryeyed; so I thought I would not retire here, but march onward from the small town where I was stopping. I had the good luck to find a canoe manned by three natives who were selling beef and pork to the people who lived in the villages and towns along the shore of the island. The customs of the people struck me as being curious when compared to those of my own home. The hogs are killed

and cleaned, they are not skinned, neither are the bristles taken off. The hogs are cut in two and salted without brine, when sufficiently salted, (which is a great deal too salt to suit my taste) they are then rolled up tightly and tied with a string or cord and packed in a splint basket made for the purpose. The beef is served in the same manner excepting that it is skinned, and it is necessary that it be well soaked before using.

While staying in the town or near the town, I was called early in the morning and went out in the sugar cane patch of the family, taking a bucket with us, there they had two rollers each about eight inches in diameter and about four feet long. When the handle was turned the rollers went 'round, crushing whatever might be between them. One man with a machette cut the sugar cane, the bucket was put under the rollers, I turned the handle, the other man fed in the cane and we soon had enough for our purpose. While we were in the field the women were burning coffee and crushing it in a mortar with a pestle and boiling farina and water over a fire. Two men had milked the cow. The coffee was tied in a flannel bag and dropped into the boiling water; the milk and sugar cane juice were poured in part and part with the water. When done the bag was taken out and there were no grounds or sediment to spoil that coffee, it was the best I have ever tasted. It was nectar for Jove, and I have been longing for another taste of it for fifty years. When the farina was done it was poured out into a large tin pan (like a milk pan) and was set upon the ground to cool; when cool enough breakfast was ready and so was I. We all gathered around the farina, each of us with a block or stone to sit upon, and our coffee was handed to us in cups. I saw no spoons, knives or forks. I wondered how we should eat when the company dove their hands into the farina, obtaining enough to make a ball of dimension to suit their mouths. They made the ball by rolling it in the palm of their hands, when done they opened their mouths, gave the ball a toss and caught it with a dexterity that astonished me. I did not know whether to call it sleight of hand or mouth. Then the old saying occurred to me, "one half of the world does not know how the other half lives; and it is true in more ways than one.

As I watched them I began to think I could do it too. I said to myself here goes to, do when in Rome as Rome does. I rolled my ball, gave it a toss towards my mouth, but I made a mistake in my aim, it was poor, and the ball hit the end of my nose and it spattered over my face. I shall never forget the laugh that went up around the board at my expense. I felt so ashamed that I wanted

some place to hide my red face. One of the women ran and brought a bowl and spoon from the house and thus armed I made out a good breakfast with only two articles of food, think of it, ye epicures who dine on roast beef flanked by a host of vegetables and grand top off with a piece of mince pie and two or three glasses of champagne and then grumble like a bear with a sore head, don't you wish you had the appetite I had, well you can find it if you take the right course and it is not expensive. These people are the most confirmed beggars I ever fell among, and if not beggars they are askers. I had a black silk handkerchief around my neck and a silk pocket handkerchief with grandfather Harrison's portrait in the centre, and some other trifles, and it was presentee me this and presentee me that, and I began to be stripped of one thing after another, I had to stop presenting out of sheer shame, I would soon have been without covering to my body.

In a couple of days the traders of the canoe had finished their business and were ready to start. I took free passage with them hoping that by some good luck I should be enabled to reach the main land. As we were sailing or rowing leisurely along the inner shore of the island its grandeur and beauty began to dawn upon me, all through the progress we made it seemed to be opening up to a more beautiful panoramic view. As we sailed between the main island and the islets off shore the soul charmed and entranced by the scene. A great poet's description of Paradise could not have equaled it. But man was there and with him his slime to dim its glory. In the shady grove, by the murming rills, the slave dragged out his sordid life, denied the right of self, the right of birthright and a name, his children carried away and sold to the hard task master, it seemed to me that the beauty of scene and the freedom of the birds were in mockery of them, in mockery of men to make their burden of woe heavier. It is ever so with man, his extreme selfishness in many instances crushes out all sense of moral obligation of man to man.

Some of these Islets are quite level while some rise to a height terrace after terrace; on these terraces wealthy people from Portugal and Spain, who were consumptives had built their beautiful cottages of lumber painted in various styles, surrounded by flowers, there to pass the remainder of their lives in the peace inviting prospect, lulled and charmed to forgetfulness by the beauty of and soft humming of the honey sucking birds.

At times we would meet other voyagers making their way to some depot to sell their coffee or other produce. These canoes are very large and are formed of the trunk of one tree; those for

distant sailing where they have to encounter roughish seas are from fifty to seventy feet long by eight to ten feet wide, having a cabin at the stern with from six to ten berths, they have two masts, a square sail on the foremast, a fore and aft sail on the mainmast, such a one was ours and she was quite comfortable though a slow sailer. The canoes for short distances and for fishing purposes are much smaller but all are hollowed out of a single log.

As we passed between the Islets and main Island in the evening we could hear the music of the guitar in the houses on both shores, and in the groves and sequestered places we could hear the horrid sound of the instruments of the slaves; I do not know the name, they are made of steel, all in one piece something like a saw screwed to a piece of wood, instead of saw teeth imagine a long tongue of steel at the beginning tapering down one after another to give the different notes; it is played by striking the keys with a hammer and is fearfully discordant in the hands of a bad player; all tunes seemed the same to me, it was Tunka, Tunka, Tunka, Tunka, Kee, Tunka, Tunka, Kee. Perhaps my bad taste could not appreciate it. It tended to show me, though man be bowed down in slavery's chains, if he is sound in physique his inward joy is left to him and it will crop out at times even though it makes but a doleful sound. The farther we advanced the more I became impressed with the beauty of this wonderful landscape. Here high hills, there rising abruptly, a mountain with a perpendicular side like a wall thousands of feet high, here a broad flat valley dotted by houses and green with coffee trees, yonder through the valley we can trace the winding of a silvery stream in its meandering course towards the bay, a scene never to be forgotten while life holds firm. I viewed it fifty-five years ago, it is in my memory still.

After the Captain had finished his trading we made sail for the city of Ille Grande across the bay some ten miles on the main land, where we arrived late in the evening and struck the nose of the canoe against the shore amidst hundreds of others. Canoes appeared to be the only kind of shipping here. I awoke early the next morning and took a stroll through the city before breakfast; it appeared to be a city of ten thousand souls, very well built, some few pretentious hotels, stores and dwelling houses of the rich. Most of the houses were only two stories high and scantily furnished, in fact people need but little furniture there as they sleep in hammocks or on the floor with a block for a pillow. A few dishes, some cooking utensils, a half a dozen chairs, three or four trunks and a furnace and the house of the middle classes are furnished, and God save the poor for the poor are poor there, poor and lazy;

I might say something else but I will leave you to guess; I will however say that combs don't grow on trees there or perhaps they might scare up ambition to pick a few for decency sake.

It so happened that it was Sunday morning when I was taking my stroll and I had an opportunity to see the ladies going to Church. They were fine looking and they dressed neatly, but few of them wore shoes outright, instead they have what is called Sapatra, a wooden sole with high heels, silk or satin is nailed over the toe part, the ladies with stockings on or with no stockings stick their toes under the satin and at every step the back part of the sole drops down and it is clatter, clatter as they hurry along, while their musical voices keep time with the music of their heels. In the evening about sun set I took another stroll and I had to pick my way in front of thousands of staring eyes, and these Brazilian ladies are not bashful when it comes to staring. It seemed as if the whole town were out on the pavement sitting on chairs or boxes, some singing to the music of the guitar, some merely playing the instrument, some chattering nonsense, all looking with those languishing eyes of the Spanish beauties. To me it was a thrilling experience, at last I came across one of the boatmen, he took me by the arm and led me to the boat, he was afraid I might be lost in love, if I had I should be now a Brazilian coffee planter, perhaps wealthy.

As I laid down to rest on Sunday night I thought over the routine for Monday's work and I came to the conclusion that I would leave the canoe early in the morning, and try and find my way out of the city by the roadway that led to Rio de Janeiro. I was up betimes and took a walk prospecting and making inquiries as far as I was able for the want of understanding the Lingo de Portugueso. I made but little progress and went down to the canoe for breakfast. After breakfast I started again; I had much better luck this time, someone took me to a shoemaker's shop, kept by an American and he pointed out the way to me. I immediately started and left the city behind me, I was on the road to Rio de Janeiro, I walked some few miles, there were some few houses along the road and some quite large hotels, frequented by foreigners who travel there for business, health or pleasure. By this time the sun was setting and I began to look around for a bed. I found one, a large, bare, flat rock on which the sun had been shining all day, it was quite warm and comfortable; without having broken my fast since breakfast, I laid me down to rest and slept soundly. I arose at day-break, not knowing when or where I should get the next meal. I started on determined to face all obstacles, early in the afternoon I saw a

large stone house not far from the road, I made my way there and was received kindly; there was in the house the wife and three daughters, the wife was very dark for a white woman, I suspected her of being a half-breed. It is common there for the white and Indian to intermarry; two of the daughters favored the mother as two peas favor each other and they were short and stout; the other was tall and slim, fair as a lily, blonde hair and blue eyes. The old lady was determined I should marry one of the dark daughters, but I had no inclination that way and thoughts were at work trying to find the way out of the noose of matrimony. If it had been the blonde I should have been nothing loth. I was soon on good terms with them, what with the mother placing the daughter's hand in mine every now and then, and playing cards, eating, and drinking wine I began to feel quite at home. Towards evening the husband and the son-in-law came home. I found the son-in-law to be the husband of my fair haired girl and my hopes in that quarter were dashed. At dusk a troop of slaves came filing in, they lived in a row of rough cottages on the side of a hill about a hundred yards from the house. They marched by the planter and were counted some fifty of them. The trouble with the slaves in Brazil is that they had legs, and like our slaves were apt to travel at times.

After we had supper the three daughters and the young husband took me some distance from the house, where the tops of the rock showed bare among the grass, we took seats and tried to understand one another; it was uphill work as it was mostly by dumb motions with now and then a word which I understood, which made the company seem more sociable; once in a while they would roll up my sleeves and examine my arms and sing out, much a blanco (very white) Americano est starbonno (very good). I noticed the dark ladies seemed to be highly pleased, and I thought there is many a slip between the cup and the lip, and that there would be many a slip before my lips touched either of theirs and it came literally true. When we went back to the house the planter began talking to me, he could speak some English, he told me that besides being a planter he carried on the lumber business and had a furniture manufactory, and all the lumber was hand sawed from logs, there being no machinery in Brazil at that time to saw by, steam or water power, and that he wanted me to stay with him and marry one of his daughters as he wanted no half breeds in his family as they were poor stock. He also told me he was not a Brazilian or Portuguese but a Spaniard from Andalusia and of pure blood himself, which I could readily believe as he was tall, of fine form,

very light with blue eyes, and of him his married daughter was a type, he said he would pay me well and would require of me no labor but merely to watch the slaves and keep them at work as they would not work unless watched. In the end I promised, I have felt sorry for it ever since for it was a shame to disappoint so kind a man; besides his family might get mixed, and I was determined that I would not mix mine. When bed time came I began to wonder where they would put me to sleep; I saw only enough beds for the family, I began to think they would have me married before bed time so that I might have a place to sleep. They soon settled that question by laying a dried bullock's hide on the earth floor and a square block of wood for a pillow. As a matter of fact of course I laid down as if I was used to it, but it was a sorry night's rest. As I lay there I conned the question whether I should stay there and take the consequences as they arose or march onward towards home. Something within seemed to say home, and home got the best of it before I went to sleep.

By sun-rise in the morning I was awake, I went out behind the house where there was a shed and saw the slaves sharpening the big saws with files. The screeching noise went through me like a knife and I said to myself on, on, home is beyond. I sauntered along slowly as if I was looking at things. When I got the rocks between me and the house I put electricity in my feet and got over the ground like a three year old colt. I had gone about two miles when I saw a large elegant building with a fine garden, a great lawn with walks winding through it, seemingly to be the abode of wealth. Near by on the other side of the way was a small river and a wharf at which lay a small brig loading with coffee. There was a large storehouse between the river and the road with a row of benches in front of it, on one of the benches there was a man sitting whom I approached to ask if I was on the right road to Rio de Janeiro. "You are an American", he said, I said "yes", he said "I am an Irishman employed here by the gentleman who lives in that large house, as his gardener, if you would like to stay perhaps I may be able to get you a position; he likes to have Americans about him". About this time the bell rang for breakfast, he said, "come up to the house with me and get your breakfast, he keeps open house at meal time, all who are in the neighborhood are welcome to eat at his table". I was hungry, but I felt something inside of me tugging me homeward and I did not go for fear I might be induced to stay, so I trudged onward, following after a train of mules which came down from the upper country loaded with coffee to sell to the wealthy shipper who kept

open house and were now on their way home loaded with casks of wine and many guitars; every house has from one to five guitars so there must be a great trade in that article. That day I passed through quite a large town of some two thousand souls, besides I passed quite a number of small villages from five to twenty cabins. These cabins are built by driving poles about two and a half inches in diameter perpendicularly in the ground, other smaller ones are lashed on top and forms a peak, a large strong grass and vines are woven into the sides while the roof is covered with grass a foot in thickness and is serviceable. There is no upstairs or floors, the earth is smoothed to answer the purpose. No doors or windows, merely holes which can be stopped at pleasure. One can be built in three days for twenty-five dollars.

I kept the mules and their drivers in sight throughout the day. Late in the afternoon they came to the foot of a mountain range over which the road zigzaged, being too steep to allow of going straight up. I slowly came up to them; they had a fire and were preparing an evening meal. I had had no breakfast or dinner and it smelt very appetizing to me. I approached one who seemed to be the leader, and said to him, "I carest to mungee, Senor." He sings out loudly, "Bessem bora." I did not move and repeated, "I carest to mungee, Senor." He pulled out a large horse pistol and pushed the muzzle against me three times, saying, "Bessem bora, Bessem bora," three times in succession as he pushed. It was a definition of Bessem bora to me and I bessem boraed; in other words, I took a back track and walked about a mile to where I had seen some sheds and opposite the sheds a small by-road leading through the forest. I entered the road there. There was a heavy thunder shower coming up and it was as dark as pitch in the forest; I could only see how to make my way by the flashes of lightning. All at once I found myself in a run of water up to my middle; I pushed on through and came to a clearing of about an acre in extent with a hut in the centre. I could see through the curtain that there was a light inside. I walked slowly towards the hut for fear there might be a dog there and I was in no mood for fighting. If I had been forced to fight at that time it would have been through desperation and I would have fought to a finish. When I reached the hut I knocked, a negress opened the door. When she saw me she gave an awful scream. Her husband, a burly negro, came running to the door with a fifteen inch knife in his hand and sung out, "Bessem bora robber." I spoke to him in the best Portuguese lingo I could command and told him that I was no robber but wanted something to eat, at the same time turning my pockets inside out to show him that I had no offensive weapons.

It availed me nothing and I was forced to depart empty. I walked through the lot some two hundred yards, hungry and weary, almost dead for sleep. The thunder crashing. the lightning flashing, the rain pouring in torrents, I was wet to the skin. I had on a pair of heavy boots and thick woolen stockings. The water had filled my boots and the stockings, swelling, cramped and hurt my feet. I pulled off my boots and stockings and my feet felt easier, so I thought I would take a nap. I lay down upon the tall soft grass and put my tarpaulin hat over my face to ward off the heavy rain drops. In a few minutes it seemed as if all of the mosquitoes in that section had come for shelter under the hat. It was the most powerful mosquito serenade I had ever received; altogether too grand a music for my nerves. I was forced to arise. I put on my boots and wended my way, if possible, to some more quiet quarters. In pulling on my boots I forgot my stockings and left them lying among the grass lost to me, a most serious loss as I shall tell farther on when it comes upon me in full force.

I made my way out of the lot and again waded the stream which was now a torrent and dangerous, but I succeeded in getting across and made my way through the woods to the road where I had seen the sheds, hoping they would at least ward off the rain. I went under one and laid down to rest but there was no rest for the wicked; soon the rain worked its way through the old worn-out grass roof and was dropping on me heavier than ever. The floor, which was a yellowish clay, began to get soft and the puddles gathered around and under me; I was cold and my teeth chattered. I thought I could warm myself by dancing so I got up and danced. but the dancing had no mirth and but little warmth in it. Was it anything to wonder at? I repeated the exercise several times before morning. Towards morning the storm passed away. In the morning the sun rose bright and clear, and not a cloud in sight. I arose under the darkest cloud I had yet experienced in my short life. Nothing to eat yesterday, no breakfast in sight, weary with travel and want of sleep, my hair full of yellow mud, daubed from head to foot, my white duck trousers looked as if they had been made out of nankeen. A man who had just opened the door of the hut opposite to me saw my condition and laughed. I could not blame him; I laughed at myself when pictured in the stream where I went to make a wholesale ablution. I washed up clean as I could and dried my clothes on the bushes in the hot sun and they were soon ready to put on, and I was soon ready to travel on.

On arriving at the shed where I was advised to "Bessem bora" I found the occupants had started up the mountain pass.

I followed suit but saw them no more. The road was steep and of a yellowish clay made soft by the last night's rain. The hoofs of the mules had sunk in five to ten inches making holes which were full of water. As I moved upward I found the way slippery and I could only make headway by taking hold of bushes growing at the sides and pulling; thus I advanced hand over hand, a tiring, and to me, a painful task. It was only the thought of home that sustained me. It was here I first began to feel the loss of my woolen stockings. My shoes fitting well with the stockings on, were loose without them and my feet slipped about in them and blistered. I persevered; every step forward was a step towards home. About noon I came across a small frame house in which was kept a restaurant where travelers could get a meal, something to drink or a night's lodging. I had sold a razor I had with me to a village barber for an English shilling; not that I had ever shaved but had been shaved perhaps in the way of trade. The money made me bold so I went in and called for something to eat. Broiled beef, bread and coffee were set before me and I ate with a relish, having tasted nothing since supper at my friend's, the Andalusian Spaniard. When I offered my English shilling for payment my host could not change it; there were a couple of Frenchmen there who had finished their dinner and were preparing to start away on horses. They came forward and paid for my dinner and gave me back my shilling, so I was a good dinner in as well as a good dinner in me. I started on greatly refreshed and much more joyous. I soon reached the top of the mountain and found the road dry on the other side and went down on the half run, and had reached the valley before night but I saw no house and met no one. I prepared myself a bed in the best manner I could and went to sleep supperless and slept soundly; I needed it. I was up in the morning by sunrise and washed myself in a stream near by and took a drink of water for my breakfast and felt quite spry and ready for another day's journey, and thus I traveled for three days without food, stooping down and drinking at every brook for fear I should see no more water. I was determined I would have the last drink at the last water. Thank God, the water saw me through. On the fourth morning I saw looming up before me a mountain of greater proportion than any I had crossed. Looking up I thought I saw the top but I was mistaken. I pressed on lively only to find what I thought to be the top but the beginning: there seemed to be a mountain on a mountain. I did not get discouraged; home in the distance was ever before me and I knew I would not die without seeing it, no matter what else might happen.

By noon I had reached the apex and such a sight! I stood there without a coat and I was cold at that height, hungry and weary with hard work and a fast of four days. It was the blessed water and my determination alone that sustained me; feet aching with blisters, how often I thought of the lost stockings. Five thousand miles from home, having seen no one to talk to for four days, with an English shilling and a jack knife in my pocket on which to work my way home. At that time to me the past was as nothing, the beauty, grandeur and sublimity of the scene had subdued every other thought. Mountain after mountain, hills, valleys, lakes and streams, rocks upon rocks, and farther down the glorious green of the great trees—so different from the green of our trees, so varied in the shades you would think it was designed for the sight of man, but few men see it and it cannot be known by description, words fail to realize it to the brain. I spread my arms and opened my mouth to give vent to my feelings. No words came forth, I could think of none grand enough. Inwardly I thanked God for affording me an opportunity (even though under difficulties) of beholding the glory of his handiwork. On the other side of this mountain I came to a vast plain, delightful in temperature of about sixty-five degrees. the thermometer never rising or falling more than ten degrees the year through; forests with now and then a clearing, with huts here and there, orange groves, coffee trees, corn and rice fields. At one of the huts I got a good meal for "thanky." All through the woods I could hear the loud chattering of the parrots. I saw many monkeys and little manchetts. The monkeys would stop and look at me as if I was a stranger and had no business there, and they were about right. The manchetts, little men I called them, and as such are very interesting and show us how we have grown by the process of evolution. They came quite close to me and chattered and shook their heads as if they would like to engage me in conversation. I could not understand their lingo, though I have no doubt but what it was intelligent enough in their way. I journeyed two days along this road with sore feet and having lost my stockings, some kind of an insect that lurks in the grass had bitten my ankles to such a degree that there was no skin on them and they were bleeding. I was afraid to ask for food at the huts or houses; I was liable to arrest for traveling without a passport.

On the morning of the third day I arose from my refreshing slumbers on the ground, and on an empty stomach, sore and stiff of limbs, I could make but little headway. I would walk the best I could for a hundred yards or so, then lie down to rest awhile.

In the middle of the afternoon I came to quite a large and pretty village, St. Mark's by name; I was so entirely done up that I had made up my mind that I would risk the prison where I could get some rest and something to eat rather than starve.

I was looking for an office of a Justice of the Peace, when a gentleman who was walking down the street sang out to me, "Where are you going?" They were the first English words I had heard spoken for three weeks. I straightened up, inspired by hope, and told him I was hunting for the Justice of the Peace, that I might be sent to prison as I was tired and hungry and too much worn out to walk farther. He said the Justice of the Peace was no good and I must come with him. He took me, dirty and forlorn as I was, to a tavern, and ordered a good chicken supper and ate with me, and I did it justice. It being early in the evening we staid there until nine o'clock, he playing cards for coffee, I resting. Once in a while he would place a cup of good coffee on a stand, inviting me to drink. I was nothing loath to that operation. After he had finished his playing he took me to an office in his large store and showed me a couch on which to sleep and left me there to rest until morning.

Early in the morning he was at the office to greet me, and gave me a suit of his clothes to wear and a bar of soap, and told me to go down to the run and wash the clothes as well as myself, which I did. He gave me a comb to comb my hair. I had not combed it since I landed in Brazil. With his clothes on and my hair combed I began to feel respectable. After I had hung my clothes up to dry, he said, "Come with me to breakfast," and we had our breakfast at the tavern where we took supper. After breakfast we had a talk together and he told me he came from the Azore Island of Fayall, and arrived in Brazil fully as poor as I was, yet he had prospered, that he was the owner of the large store house I saw and was doing a thriving business in importing and selling goods to the citizens of mines which had in the vicinity a population larger than Rio de Janeiro at that time, and I did not doubt him as it was the centre of the gold and diamond fields away back in the mountains. He took me through his store and it was a large one, fully two hundred feet long by one hundred feet wide, piled up with bales and boxes, casks, saddles, in fact, with almost everything. There was no retailing done here which made it a very pretty business, everything but the selling and desking being done by slaves. He said he would get me a place in the town where I could earn my living while studying the language. Having done that to his satisfaction, that he would take me into

his store. After that it depended on myself whether I made a fortune or not. If I did well he would second all my aims, and I pondered over the question. I thought perhaps it might be the chance of my life, then home loomed up in my soul and I thought "What, immure myself in a strange land amidst strange people, far away from my kindred and those I love, for the chance of making a fortune"—it was only a chance, not a certainty, and the answer came back, "No, never. Better among friends with a bare living than among strangers with wealth to be fought for." Perhaps, if I had been older the decision might have been different. As yet the fountain of my love had not been sapped. The gentleman said he would see if he could get me a place. We stopped at a large retail grocery near by and the proprietor said he would be glad to have me as the natives were slow and with but little inclination to work. I told him I had not yet fully made up my mind to stop in the country. I slept another night determined to say yes or no the next day and abide by my decision, let what would come of it.

The next morning I told my friend I would not stay, for I could not forsake entirely my old home and relations. He said he would like me to stay awhile, that he honored me for my resolution as he had gone through it all and knew the strength of the ties of old associations still tugging at his heart, the tears dropping from his eyes the while.

After dinner I donned my own clothes and bid my friend adieu. In walking down the street I took notice of the tailors making coats in their shops. They sit upon stools and not upon a board crossed legged as our tailors do. I soon came to the open country, and in the course of a hour came to a low flat meadow land with ditches running up and down as is seen in our meadows, with a road or causeway running straight across it. It put me more in mind of home than any part of Brazil I had yet seen, in fact, I never saw any meadow in this country to compare to it.

All over its wide expanse were to be seen grazing, fat cattle, and fine cattle they were, their horns extending some four or five feet from their heads and very wide apart at the top. Interspersed with the cattle were many horses, fat, sleek and shiney, and of fine proportion. I stopped awhile to admire them and I suppose I had crossed three-fourths of the way when it began to grow dark, the sun having set, and there is but little twilight in that country. I began to look around for a bed to have another supperless sleep. I espied some hay in the meadow and a fence being handy I placed some sticks across and covered them with hay upon the damp ground.

and thought I had a complete bed. Soon the mosquitoes began their music. If there is anything I despise it is the hum of the hungry mosquito. Soon I heard a piercing sound and I thought all of the horns in the town about a mile ahead of me were blowing in their shrillest sounds. It was almost unbearable; the mosquitos were entirely knocked out. I arose and saw coming towards me two carts of large dimensions, four pairs of oxen to each cart, each cart having two slaves as drivers. These carts are not like our carts, having wheels with hubs and spokes, and turning on an axle, but a rough apology made of planks crossing each other and sawed round, forming a wheel solidly fast at the axle, wheels and axle each turning together, requiring a great deal of grease, and when the grease fails then look out for screeching enough to split your brains.

After the carts had passed I walked on to the town. I stopped a man in the street, and asked where I could get a night's lodging and something to eat. He told me to walk up the main street which we were on and wherever I heard a piano I would be sure to find Americans there who would tend to me. I walked about a mile up the main street, saw many fine houses built in the American cottage style, heard many pianos but was afraid to present my forlorn self before the evidence of wealth and comfort. I turned on my heel and walked back to the outskirts where I found an unoccupied shed and laid down on the ground, tired and hungry. I soon began to feel cold and had to get up and take a little exercise for warmth. A dog came along and made friends with me. I lay down and he lay beside me and kept me warm. Misery loves company, and even the warmth of a dog is more pleasant than chattering teeth. I arose next morning somewhat rested. The first man I saw I asked him if I was on the right road to Rio de Janeiro. "Est via, Senor," he would say and I walked on all of that day, the road turning around high steep hills, foot-hills of the mountains. One thing that astonished me was the size of the bamboo growing there. Some was over fifteen inches in diameter and at least one hundred and fifty feet high. It is used for many purposes, one of them is to convey water to the houses, in the same manner as we use pipes, only above the ground instead of underneath it.

Through my wanderings I saw birds and butterflies dressed in gorgeous colors. They were strange to me. At night the gloom would be lightened up by a large bug some two inches long. When they raised their wings you would see a phosphorous light covering half their bodies. If you have no other light,

by gathering a half-dozen of these bugs you can read your book by the light they give. The flowers of Brazil in some places are simply wonderful. I am not capable of describing them, not being a botanist. I traveled along this road for three days without food, making my meals of water, which was rather thin for an empty stomach.

In the afternoon of the third day as I was passing through a village I saw a store where they sold things to eat. I picked up courage and went in, to barter, not to buy, as I had no money. My sailor jack knife and I were about to part, when I should be entirely bereft of any kind of offensive weapon. I offered the knife for sale and the store keeper bought it, paying twelve dumps for it. A dump is a copper piece about as large as an English penny. I saw some cups of boiled rice upon the counter and asked the price, which was one dump. I bought one. The store keeper handing a spoon said, "Rice and assucre est starbonno, very good," indeed I found it so.

I wandered until night and came to a place where there was a store and two or three houses besides a stopping place or kind of hotel at which travelers stopped. There was a shed belonging to the hotel which happened to be empty. I laid down upon the bare ground, for all I knew to sleep supperless, but such was not to be. In the course of a half hour some one with a light came to me and handed me a cup of good coffee and a good-sized piece of bread which I ate with a relish only known to famished men. This man could talk some English. I asked him how far it was to Rio de Janeiro and he told me it was about one hundred miles. I said I wished there was a railroad there like we had in America, then I could go there in half a day. He could not understand what I meant by a railroad. There is a railroad there now. A friend of mine lost his arm while acting as civil engineer at the building of it. He also told me that I had traveled a long round-about way to get to Rio de Janeiro; that I should have taken the coast road and I would have avoided the mountain, and that I had yet another chain of mountains to cross.

I bade him good bye and started on my weary way. I passed away two days without eating anything, but still noting what there was to be seen. Several villages seemingly populated by poor people, very primitive in their manners, and I saw many groves of coffee trees. It is coffee that is the chief production here and brings in most of the money to the poor who cultivate small groves and sell their coffee by the hundred pounds to the dealer or trade it off for the necessities of life, such as Aquadent (tooth water), but I

call it poor whiskey. I saw many plantains or bananas growing, and here I must say something in regard to the bananas. A single plant with its long broad leaves, its stalk loaded with fruit, is a picture worth the studying, I studied it well and simply pronounced it a glorious sight. Think then what a small field of them must be, grand to the sight, grand in the knowledge that they bear the major part of the food of millions of the people of the earth; and it is likely they appease more hunger than all of the wheat fields put together. I knew what was beneath their golden rind; I would not touch them, they were not mine. I would have starved in the road first and have died honest. On the evening of the second day from where I tasted bread and coffee I saw a slave who had prepared his supper over a small fire under a shed; that supper consisted of boiled black beans: I said to him "Senor, American carest to mungee", he divided his supper with me, I ate it with a relish and appetite which many times since I would have been glad to have had. When we were through he offered me a drink from his bottle, I declined, I was not a whiskey drinker, and thought it would be too bad to eat his food and to drink what cost the money. I bid him adios and journeyed on to the foot of the mountains which had been looming up all day before me, gradually becoming more and more distinct. I hunted a soft rock with a small piece for a pillow, I laid me down and fell asleep while contemplating the weary climb of to-morrow. I arose early next morning and refreshed myself at a brook and started towards the clouds. I was disappointed, gladly disappointed, for over these mountains I found the best road it ever was my luck to travel, paved solidly with rock and zigzaged in easy slopes, making the way pleasant instead of tiresome, on the sides where the steep rocks ran down into the valley there were balustrades of cut stone to insure safety to vehicles and I have ever been a lover of good roads free from toll gates. In good roads there is great economy, economy in the chafing of horse flesh, economy in the wear and tear upon the wagons and gears, economy in the hauling of far greater loads with the same team, economy in the time made in not having to stop to pay toll, economy to him who foots it in being able to walk farther in the same time without being worn out, bespattered with mud and out of humor. This road pleased me and I doubt whether there can be found in the United States a road over the mountains to equal this one in this benighted country of Brazil in the eighteen hundred and forty-second year of our Lord.

Late in the afternoon I was far down on the last slope of the other side facing the great plains in which forty miles away stands

Rio de Janeiro, one of the great seaports of the world where the flags of all nations congregate, when lo! I saw an arch over the way with a sentinel pacing backward and forward with a musket on his shoulder; staring me in the face was this legend, short but to the point. "Taxadem da Passagem. It brought me to a stand-still, I had no money to pay toll, then what would they do with me was a solemn query?

The thought of home which lay on the other side of that portage made me desperate, I said to myself I will pass through though a hundred sentinels face me with fixed bayonets, or die in the attempt.

I straightened up and began to whistle Yankee Doodle, I had on a sailor tarpaulin hat and in the front was painted an American flag, and to my surprise the sentinel bid me good day and I passed on without let or hindrance. I have often thought since whether it was the American flag or Yankee Doodle that softened his heart or whether there was no tax on foot travelers, perhaps it was the latter.

I soon reached the plain and as it was getting dark I began to hunt for a bed. I found a large empty trough on posts standing about three feet from the ground. Into this I crawled and laid down to rest. In the morning I found myself sticking to the bottom of the trough; the cracks in the bottom had been tarred to make it hold water and my once white duck pants became ornamented in a conspicuous place. There was one advantage in it, it did not stare me in the face, and that was a great comfort. In the course of an hour I came to a collection of huts, among them was a small store. I spent my last dump for nine plantains or bananas. Though plantains are of the same species of fruit as the bananas they are much larger and so I had a glorious feast.

At night I was within half a day's travel of the city. I lay down on the warm sand to rest and it proved to be more comfortable on a warm night than a down bed. The next morning, without breakfast, I started for the city. As I came nearer to it I could see very dimly the masts of the many ships lying in the harbor. As I advanced the masts became plainer and plainer and the flags of all nations began to show their legends. I looked from mast to mast, endeavoring to make out the American boast. At last I saw it undulating in the wind. How my heart went out to it. What a load seemed lifted from my spirits. I cried, I laughed, I hallooed, I danced, I cut up all kinds of antics, I would have turned a somersault if I had been able. If anyone saw me they must have thought I was crazy. I was excusable;

to me that flag seemed everything, mother, home, relatives, friends, something to eat, a good bed and rest. Is it any wonder then that a famishing man was excited, and felt like hugging that flag to his bosom and kissing its hem.

As soon as my nerves had settled down I sped on my way towards the water front of the city. I passed many beautiful places of the representatives of foreign countries on the road leading to the city. In coming to where it was solidly built up I found that the houses were for the most part two stories high, the walls were stuccoed and mostly white with here and there one tinted with some delicate shade. In many places where the street crossed there was a fountain in the centre where the servants and poor housekeepers came for the water for the family. The water is brought to the city by acqueduct from the mountains forty miles away, in fact, from the mountains of the fine road by which I traveled in crossing it. It is ever running, ever cool, no better water to be found either for drinking, cooking or for the shipping use. The overplus finds its way to the bay. There was no underground drainage at that time, no water closet in the houses, the offal of the city was carried away at night and thrown into the bay, there to fester in the hot sun and to be dashed against the shore, and when the wind was blowing from that quarter, to fill the city with poisonous gas to breed the fever that makes the city so unhealthy. I arrived at the water front before dark and found I could not get aboard of a ship without paying a boatman to row me there, and then to be only a stranger when I got there. So my hopes were dashed and home seemed far away.

I saw some sailors standing before a house, I went there, they told me it was a sailors boarding house, the man who kept it was an Irishman and had made a great deal of money by boarding American sailors, they called him out and I told my story and how long I had been without food, all he said to me was "young man I think you have brought your eggs to a bad market", and he turned around and said "boys, come in to supper" and that was the last I saw of him.

A little farther along I saw a bakershop kept by a German who had made a fortune in baking bread for the American Navy and other shipping, I saw a pile of rolls on the counter, I picked up one, price one dump or two cents American money, I told him it had been almost two days since I had broken my fast, he smiled and said the rolls were good, I told him I would like to have one but I could not pay for it as I had no money. I never saw a man change so quickly in my life, he seemed infuriated, he stamped and

hallooed get out of my shop or I will kick you out. He snatched the bread from my hand and gave me a push, and the evil one arose within me and I said "if I had you in a woods and was armed I would shoot you down with as little compunction as I would a mad dog". And this is the humanity of man for man, I was learning the lesson dearly and bitterly, is it any wonder crime stalks abroad.

I wandered sore and sick of life, tired of the meanness to be found in some places. I wandered on until I came to a place somewhat deserted and dark and found a house with an empty space of ground on one side of it, with no windows or doors on that side; the heavens were overcast with heavy clouds, thunder muttering in the distance. There was a projection of about two feet along the top of the house; weary and worn, almost starved, now two days since I had anything to eat, I lay me down to a fitful rest as close to the side of the house as possible, to get the protection of the eaves. I had not slept more than an hour when a fearful crash of thunder started me upright, for a few minutes the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled in a fearful manner, then the rain began to pour in torrents, the little hollow alongside the house where I had made my bed soon became a running stream; drenched to the skin I stood up and leaned against the side of the house and shivered all night. At daylight the storm had passed away and I ventured again to the water front. What a sight I must have been, no coat, duck trousers black with tar, wet to the skin, a tarpaulin hat with the American flag painted on the front and that flag covered it all, under it I felt like a man, as good as a king with all of my woe.

As I sauntered along the water front I caught the sympathy of one who had seen hardships in his younger days, he was an old man, rough and grizzled, he had a boat and rowed about from place to place selling hot coffee and sandwiches; he gave me a bowl of hot coffee and two slices of bread with a piece of meat between them and I made a feast that was good for the soul.

He told me to be around there about ten o'clock when he would be through his routine and he would see what he could do for me; sure enough at ten o'clock he was there and got me a place to stay until I could get a ship for home.

For three or four days I rambled around the city seeing the sights, on the second day was the grand parade of the inauguration of Dom Pedro on the Throne as Emperor; he was then sixteen years old and had been declared in his majority by the Legislative Powers. It was a grand sight, army regiments of soldiers of the

army at the head leading the way, then the church with grand paraphernalia with float after float filled with young girls dressed in white covered with flowers and posturing to suit the occasion. Dom Pedro and his sister stood in a balcony facing the bay at the end of the City Palace; when it was over I saw them come down and enter a carriage to which were attached four mules gaily caparisoned and they were driven to San Christoval, their country palace, a few miles from Rio de Janeiro.

The next day I was taken sick with a fever brought on by want and excitement, in two weeks I was getting to be myself again; they had gotten me a place to work my way home on the Barque Mary Elizabeth of New York, Captain Trayton.

Though still weak I went abroad and the steward and I stowed away the whole load of coffee as it was brought aboard by the lighters. In forty-five days from starting I landed in New York without a penny and without a coat; my intention was to earn money to pay my passage home, five dollars would have seen me through. I started early in the morning, early in the month of May to look for work on a farm, I walked some twenty-five miles that day, applied at quite a number of farms and always got no for an answer. Without dinner and without supper I sought my night's rest in the corner of a fence by the roadside, it being in the early part of May it was cold and disagreeable.

In the morning I traveled on and came to a railroad station, there was a freight train here and they were loading it with lumber, I seized hold of the lumber and helped to pile on the load, thinking perhaps I might get some dinner, but I did not. When the load was on the superintendent asked me if I would like to go to New York, I said yes, he told me to jump on, I arrived in New York before night and went down to the barque and had my supper. The Captain told me to stay on board and use anything I wished to eat, and he would employ me on his next voyage, but home was uppermost in my mind and how to get there was the question revolving therein. I would not beg, I would as leave starve to death as steal. If I had had five cents to pay my fare across the Hudson I would have walked the one hundred and twenty miles to Salem County, New Jersey. Next morning there was a foretopsail schooner drawing out of the dock; while helping to pass the lines the Captain said he wanted a hand and asked the Captain of the barque if he knew where he could get one, here is your man pointing to me and I can recommend him as being honest and true and willing to work, so I hired with him for seventeen dollars a month that I might raise money enough to pay my

fare home. We made a voyage to Hull, England, on the Humber River, and arrived in New York five months from the time we started.

I was soon home and I found that I had just been away eleven months. My hands grasped with a warm welcome the plow stilts, the axe helve and the hoe handle, and this is only one year of an eventful life.

I have written this narrative, I do not know why, I have never related it to my mother or any of my relations. My mother, while she was proud to hear me tell of what I had seen, never had the pain to know how I suffered the penalty of my experience, an experience I have never regretted.

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